

# THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

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### Review of New Books.

*Metrical Legends of Exalted Characters.* By Joanna Baillie, Author of *Plays on the Passions, &c.* 8vo. pp. 373. London, 1821.

THIS volume was published on Tuesday last; and, in respect to the esteemed author, and duty to our readers, we lose no time in making them acquainted with its contents. Few writers of the present day, either male or female, have obtained a higher reputation than Joanna Baillie, and none more deservedly. In this respect criticism has been unanimous, and the notices of her previous productions have been nothing but eulogies. Public opinion has long been with her, and, if we may credit the report, the publishers of this volume must have calculated very largely on it, when they purchased it at the enormous sum of £1000, which, we suppose, is at the rate of about half a crown for each line in the volume. This is certainly the golden age for poets. What would Milton say, could he rise and see a modern bard get as much for one hundred lines as he got for the whole twelve books of his immortal poem, the *Paradise Lost*; or would Dryden, in the present day, have thrown in his *Epistle to his Cousin*, and the celebrated music ode, as make-weights to the avarice of a Tonson: and yet it is no libel to say, that these productions of Milton and Dryden will live when many of the effusions of our liberally-rewarded poets are forgotten.

The 'Metrical Legends' are three in number: William Wallace, Columbus, and Lady Griseld Baillie. The term metrical legends is not here used as denoting fictitious stories, but as chronicles or memorials of exalted characters, describing such scenes as truly belong to the story, 'with occasionally the feelings, figures, and gestures of those whose actions they relate, and also assigning their motives of action, as they may naturally be supposed to have existed.' The object of the author, we are further told, has been 'to

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display such portraiture of real worth and noble heroism, as might awaken high and generous feelings in a youthful mind, without imputing to the heroes 'motives or sentiments beyond what their noble deeds do fairly warrant.' In short, the aim has been to produce 'sentimental and descriptive memorials of exalted worth. The manner of the rhyme and the versification are accordingly, in some degree, borrowed from Sir Walter Scott. Our author is, however, no servile copyist, and, in every other respect, these legends have every claim to originality.

The first legend, 'Wallace,' is founded on a story rendered familiar to every reader. The incidents in the events of the Scottish hero, are faithfully narrated in this poem, which is remarkable for its beauty and simplicity. The third stanza thus describes Scotland, under the iron yoke of our Edward:—

'Scotland, with breast unmail'd, had sheath'd her sword,  
Stifling each rising curse and hopeless prayer,  
And sunk beneath the Southern's faithless lord,  
In sullen deep despair.  
The holds and castles of the land  
Were by her hateful foemen mann'd.  
To revels in each stately hall,  
Did tongues of foreign accent call,  
Where her quell'd chiefs must tamely bear  
From braggard pride the taunting jeer.  
Her harvest fields, by strangers reap'd,  
Were in the stranger's garner heap'd.  
The tenant of the poorest cot,  
Seeing the spoiler from his door  
Bear unreprieved his hard-earned store,  
Blush'd thus to be, and be a Scot.  
The very infant at his mother's beck,  
Tho' with writh'd lip and scowling eye,  
Was taught to keep his lisping tongue in check,  
Nor curse the Southern passing by.'

The slaughter of the Scottish leaders at the Barns of Ayr, Wallace's revenge of the treachery, the gathering of his friends, and the battle that ensued, are all powerfully described. We quote a few passages from the latter:—

'Now with notes of practis'd skill,  
English trumpets sounding shrill,  
The battle's boastful prelude give,  
Which answer prompt and bold receive  
From Scottish drum's long rolling beat,  
And,—sound to valiant clansmen sweet!—

The Highland pipe, whose lengthen'd swell  
Of warlike pibroch, rose and fell,  
Like wailings of the midnight wind,  
With voice of distant streams combin'd,  
While mountain, rock, and dell, the martial  
din repeat.

Then many a high plumed gallant rear'd his head,

And proudly smote the ground with firmer tread,

Who did, ere close of ev'ning, lie

With ghastly face turn'd to the sky,

No more again the rouse of war to hear.

And many for the combat burn'd,

Who never from its broil return'd,

Kindred or home to cheer.

How short the term that shall divide

The firm nerv'd youths' exerted force,—

The warrior glowing in his pride,

From the cold stiffen'd corse!

A little term pass'd with such speed,

As would in courtly revel scarce suffice

Mated with lady fair, in silken guise,

The measur'd dance to lead.

His warriors firm as living rock,

Now braced them for the battle's shock;

And watch'd their chieftain's keen looks  
glancing

From marshall'd clans to foes advancing;

Smiled with the smile his eye that lighten'd,  
Glow'd with the glow his brow that bright-  
ten'd:

But when his burnish'd brand he drew,

His towering form terrific grew,

And every Scotchman, at the sight,

Felt thro' his nerves a giant's might,

And drew his patriot sword with Wallace  
wight.

'Then rush'd they fiercely on their foes,  
And loud o'er drum and warpipe rose

The battle's mingled roar.

The eager shout, the weapon's clash;

The adverse rank's first closing crash,

The sullen hum of striving life,

The busy heat of trampling strife,

From castle, rocks, and mountains round,

Down the long firth, a grand and awful  
sound,

A thousand echoes bore.

Spears cross'd spears, a bending grove,

As front to front the warriors strove.

Thro' the dust-clouds, rising dun,

Their burning brands flash'd to the sun,

With quickly changing shiv'ring light,

Like streamers on the northern night;

While arrow showers came hustling past,

Like splinter'd wreck driven by the blast,

What time fierce winter is contending,

With Norway's pines, their branches rend-  
ing.

'Opposing ranks, that onward bore,

In tumult mix'd, are ranks no more,

Nor aught discern'd of skill or form;—

All a wild bick'ring steely storm!



While oft around some fav'rite Chieftain's crest,  
The turmoil thick'ning, darkly rose,  
As on rough seas the billow grows,  
O'er lesser waves high-heaved, but soon de-  
prest.

So gallant Grame, thou noble Scot!  
Around thee rose the fearful fray,  
And other brave compeers of bold essay,  
Who did not spare their mothers' sons that day,  
And ne'er shall be forgot.

But where the mighty Wallace fought,  
Like spirit quick, like giant strong,  
Plunging the foes thick ranks among,  
Wide room in little time was hew'd  
And grisly sights around were strew'd;  
Recoil'd aghast the helmed throng,  
And every hostile thing to earth was brought.  
Full strong and hardy was the foe  
To whom he gave a second blow,  
Many a knight and lord  
Fell victims to his sword,  
And Cressingham's proud crest laid low.'

The fate of Wallace, so unworthy  
his high deserts, and the fond recollec-  
tions with which his countrymen cher-  
ish his memory, are pathetically de-  
scribed:—

'What tho' that head o'er gate or tower,  
Like felons on the cursed tree,  
Visited by sun and shower,  
A ghastly spectacle may be!  
A fair renown, as years wear on,  
Shall Scotland give her noblest son.  
The course of ages shall not dim  
The love that she shall bear to him.  
In many a castle, town, and plain,  
Mountain and forest, still remain  
Fondly cherish'd spots, which claim  
The proud distinction of his honour'd name.

Swells the huge ruin's massy heap  
In castled court, 'tis Wallace's keep.  
What stateliest o'er the rest may lower  
Of time-worn wall, where rook and daw,  
With wheeling flight and ceaseless caw,  
Keep busy stir, is Wallace's tower.  
If thro' the green wood's hanging screen,  
High o'er the deeply-bedded wave,  
The mouth of arching cleft is seen  
Yawning dark, 'tis Wallace's cave.  
If o'er its jutting barrier grey,  
Tinted by time with furious din,  
The rude crags silvered with its spray,  
Shoot the wild flood, 'tis Wallace's lin.  
And many a wood remains, and hill and glen  
Haunted, 'tis said, of old, by Wallace and his  
men.

There school-boy still doth haunt the sacred  
ground,  
And musing oft its pleasing influence own,  
As, starting at his footsteps' echo'd sound,  
He feels himself alone.

Yea, ev'n the cottage matron at her wheel,  
Altho' with daily care and labour crost,  
Will o'er her heart the soothing magic feel,  
And of her country's ancient prowess boast;  
While on the little shelf of treasured books,  
For what can most of all her soul delight,  
Beyond her ballad, tale, or jest, she looks,—  
The history renown'd of Wallace wight.

But chiefly to the soldier's breast,  
A thought of him will kindling come,  
As, waving high his bonnet's crest,  
He listens to the rolling drum,  
And trumpet's call and thrilling fife,  
And bagpipe's loud and stormy strain,

Meet prelude to tumultuous strife  
On the embattled plain.

Whether in highland garb array'd,  
With kiltie short and highland plaid,  
Or button'd close in lowland vest,  
Within his doughty grasp, broad sword or gun  
be prest,—

Rememb'ring him, he still maintains  
His country's cause on foreign plains,  
To grace her name and earn her praise,  
Led by the brave of modern days.'

After an apostrophe to those modern  
heroes, Abercrombie, Moore, Ferguson,  
and Graham, the poem concludes with  
the following eulogy on its hero:—

'O Scotland, proud may be thy boast!  
Since Time his course thro' circling years hath  
run,  
There hath not shone in Fame's bright host,  
A nobler hero than thy patriot son.

Manly and most devoted was the love,  
With which for thee unweariedly he strove;  
No selfish lust of power, not ev'n of fame,  
Gave ardour to the pure and generous flame.  
Rapid in action, terrible in fight,  
In counsel wise, inflexible in right,  
Was he, who did so oft, in olden days,  
Thy humbled head from base oppression raise.  
Then be it by thy generous spirit known,  
Ready in freedom's cause to bleed,  
Spurning corruption's worthless meed,  
That in thy heart thou feel'st this hero was  
thine own.'

The hero of the second legend is Co-  
lumbus, whom the author justly de-  
scribes as one 'who, to the unfettered  
reach of thought belonging to a philo-  
sopher, the sagacious intrepidity of a  
chieftain or leader, and the adventurous  
boldness of a discoverer, added the gen-  
tleness and humanity of a Christian.' The most prominent incidents, in the  
life of Columbus, furnish ample scope  
for the powers of our author; and the  
adventurous project—the voyage—the  
dissatisfaction of the crew—the disco-  
very of America—the intercourse with  
the natives—Columbus foretelling the  
eclipse—his return home, and the in-  
gratitude of his country, are all deli-  
neated with the pencil of a master:—

'Who that hath high deeds achieved,  
Whose mind hath mighty plans conceiv'd,  
Can of learned ignorance and pride  
The petty vexing rule abide?  
The lion trampled by an ass!  
No; this all-school'd forbearance would surpass.  
Insulted with a felon's chain,  
This noble man must cross the main,  
And answer his foul charge to cold ungrateful  
Spain.

By India's gentle race alone,  
Was pity to his suff'rings shown;—  
They on his parting wait,  
And looks of kindness on him cast,  
Or touch'd his mantle as he past,  
And mourn'd his altered state.  
May the great spirit smooth the tide  
With gentle gales, and be thy guide;  
And when his vessel wore from land,  
With meaning nods and gestures kind,  
He saw them still upon the strand,  
Tossing their dark arms on the wind.

He saw them like a helpless flock,  
Who soon must bear the cruel shock  
Of savage wolves; yet, reckless still,  
Feel but the pain of present ill.  
He saw the fate he could not now control,  
And groan'd in bitter agony of soul.'

The last return to Europe of this in-  
trepid navigator, his death, and the re-  
flections on his tomb, are finely de-  
scribed:—

'At length, by way-ward fortune crost,  
And oft-renew'd and irksome strife  
Of sordid men,—by tempests tost,  
And tir'd with turmoil of a wand'rer's life,  
He sail'd again for Europe's ancient shore,—  
So will'd high heav'n to cross the seas no more.  
His anchor fix'd, his sails for ever furl'd,—  
A toil-worn pilgrim in a weary world.

And thus the hero's sun went down,  
Closing his day of bright renown:  
Eight times thro' breeze and storm he past,  
O'er surge and wave th' Atlantic vast;  
And left on many an island fair,  
Foundations, which the after-care  
Of meaner chieftains shortly rear'd  
To seats of power—serv'd, envy'd, fear'd.  
No kingly conqueror, since time began  
The long career of ages, hath to man  
A scope so ample given for trade's bold range,  
Or caus'd on earth's wide stage such rapid  
mighty change.'

The reflections on the tomb of Co-  
lumbus close this beautiful poem:—

'Silence solemn, awful, deep,  
Doth in that hall of death her empire keep;  
Save when at times the hollow pavement,  
smote  
By solitary wand'rer's foot, amain  
From lofty dome and arch and aisle remote,  
A circling loud response receives again.  
The stranger starts to hear the growing sound,  
And sees the blazon'd trophies waving near:—  
"Ha! tread my feet so near that sacred  
ground?"  
He stops and bows his head: "Columbus rest-  
eth here!"

Some ardent youth, perhaps, ere from his home  
He launch his vent'rous bark, will hither come,  
Read fondly o'er and o'er his graven name,—  
With feelings keenly touch'd—with heart of  
flame;  
Till wrapp'd in fancy's wild delusive dream,  
Times past and long forgotten, present seem;  
To his charm'd ear the east wind rising shrill,  
Seems thro' the hero's shroud to whistle still,—  
The clock's deep pendulum, swinging thro' the  
blast,  
Sounds like the rocking of his lofty mast;  
While fitful gusts rave like his clam'rous band,  
Mix'd with the accents of his high command.  
Slowly the stripling quits the pensive scene,  
And burns and sighs and weeps to be what he  
has been.

Oh! who shall lightly say that fame  
Is nothing but an empty name!  
Whilst in that sound there is a charm  
The nerves to brace, the heart to warm,  
As, thinking of the mighty dead,  
The young from slothful couch will start,  
And vow, with lifted hands outspread,  
Like them to act a noble part?  
Oh! who shall lightly say that fame  
Is nothing but an empty name!  
When, but for those, our mighty dead,  
All ages past a blank would be,



Sunk in oblivion's murky bed,—  
A desert bare, a shipless sea?  
They are the distant objects seen,—  
The lofty marks of what hath been.

O! who shall lightly say that fame  
Is nothing but an empty name!  
When mem'ry of the mighty dead  
To earth-worn pilgrim's wistful eye  
The brightest rays of cheering shed,  
That point to immortality?

A twinkling speck but fix'd and bright,  
To guide us thro' the dreary night,—  
Each hero shines and lures the soul,  
To gain the distant happy goal.

For is there one who, musing o'er the grave  
Where lies interr'd the good, the wise, the brave,  
Can poorly think, beneath the mould'ring heap,  
That noble being shall for ever sleep?  
No, saith the gen'rous heart, and proudly swells,—  
"Tho' his cored corpse lies here, with God his spirit dwells."

The subject of the third legend is a woman, whose name is unknown in history, a Lady Griseld Baillie. Our author says, 'that a more perfect female character could scarcely be imagined;' and, indeed, she appears to have approached that 'divine perfection of a woman,' mentioned by Shakespeare, more nearly than any one with whose history we are acquainted. An interesting account of this lady, is inserted in Mr. Rose's answer to Mr. Fox's History of James the Second, from Lady Murray's Narrative, an unpublished MS. at Edinburgh. This poem, which combines much playfulness with strong feeling, describes the virtues of this glory of her sex, and concludes with contrasting her with 'the polish'd fair of modern times,' who do not 'regard such old forgotten homely merit.'

To each of these legends, there are appended a profusion of notes; indeed, more than are necessary, for the author's poems are sufficiently intelligible, and the principal events which she details in the two first legends, sufficiently well known to render a reference to authorities unnecessary. Four ballads, entitled Lord John of the East, Malcolm's Heir, The Elden Tree, and the Ghost of Fadon, conclude the volume; they strongly remind us of some of the best of our early English ballads, and though rather longer than we should have wished for extract, yet anxious to give an entire poem, we select the last, 'the Ghost of Fadon:—'

'On Gask's deserted ancient hall,  
Was twilight closing fast,  
And in its dismal shadows all  
Seem'd lofty, void, and vast.  
All sounds of life, now reft and bare,  
From its walls had pass'd away;  
But the stir of small birds shelter'd there,—  
Dull owl, or chatt'ring jay.

Loop-hole and window, dimly seem,  
With faint light passing through,  
Grew dimmer still, and the dreary scene  
Was fading from the view:

When the trampling sound of banded men  
Came from the court without;  
Words of debate and call, and then—  
A loud and angry shout.

But mingl'd echoes from within  
A mimic mock'ry made,  
And the bursting door, with furious din,  
On jarring hinges bray'd.  
An eager band, press'd rear on van,  
Rush'd in with clam'rous sound,  
And their chief, the goodliest, the bravest man,  
That e'er trod Scottish ground.

Then spoke forthwith the leader bold:—  
"We war with wayward fate;  
These walls are bare, the hearth is cold,  
And all is desolate.

With fast unbroke and thirst unslak'd,  
Must we on the hard ground sleep?  
Or, like ghosts from vaulted charnel wak'd,  
Our cheerless vigil keep?

Hard hap this day, in bloody field,  
Ye bravely have sustain'd,  
And for your pains this dismal bield  
And empty board have gain'd,

Hie, Malcolm, to that varlet's steed,  
And search if yet remain  
Some homely store, but good at need,  
Spent nature to sustain.

Cheer up my friends! still, heart in hand,  
Tho' few and spent we be,  
We are the pith of our native land,  
And she shall still be free.

Cheer up, tho' scant and coarse our meal,  
In this our sad retreat,—  
We'll fill our horn to Scotland's weal,  
And that will make it sweet."

Then all, full cheerly as they could,  
Their willing service lent;  
Some broke the boughs, some heap'd the wood,  
Some struck the sparkling flint.

And a fire they kindled speedily,  
Where the hall's last fire had been;  
And pavement, walls, and rafters high,  
In the rising blaze were seen.

Red gleam on each tall buttress pour'd,  
The lengthen'd hall along,  
And tall and black behind them lower'd  
Their shadows deep and strong.

The ceiling, ribb'd with massy oak,  
From bick'ring flames below,—  
As light and shadow o'er it broke,  
Seem'd wav'ring to and fro.

Their scanty meal was on the ground,  
Spread by the friendly light,  
And they made the brown-horn circle round,  
As cheerly as they might.

Some talk of horses, weapons, mail,—  
Some of their late defeat—  
By treach'ry caus'd, and many a tale  
Of Southron spy's retreat.

"Aye, well," says one, "my sinking heart  
Did some disaster bode,  
When faithless Fadon's wily art  
Beguil'd us on the road.

But well repaid by Providence,  
Are such false deeds we see;  
He's had his rightful recompense,  
And cursed let him be."

"O! curse him not! I needs must rue  
That stroke so rashly given;  
If he to us were false or true,  
Is known to righteous heaven."

So spoke their chief, then silent all  
Remain'd, in sombre mood,—  
Till they heard a bugle's larum call  
Sound distant through the wood.

"Rouse ye, my friends!" the chieftain said;  
"That blast from friend or foe,  
Comes from the west;—thro' forest shade,  
With wary caution go,

And bring me tidings. Speed ye well!"  
Forth three bold warriors past;  
Then from the east with fuller swell,  
Was heard the bugle blast.

Out past three warriors more; then, shrill  
The horn blew from the north,  
And other eager warriors still,  
As banded scouts went forth.

Till from their chief each war mate good  
Had to the forest gone,  
And he who fear'd not flesh and blood,  
Stood by the fire alone.

He stood, wrapp'd in a musing dream,  
Nor rais'd his drooping head,  
Till a sudden, alter'd, paly gleam  
On all around was spread.

Such dull diminish'd sombre sheen  
From moon eclips'd, by swain  
Related, or love herd is seen  
O'er mantling hill and plain.

Then to the fitful fire he turn'd,  
Which higher and brighter grew,  
Till the flame like a baleful meteor burn'd  
Of clear sulphureous blue.

Then wist the chief, some soul unblest,  
Or spirit of power was near;  
And his eyes adown the hall he cast,  
Yet naught did there appear.

But he felt a strange unearthly breath  
Upon the chill air borne;  
And he heard at the gate, like a blast of wrath,  
The sound of Fadon's horn.

Owls, bats, and swallows, flutt'ring out  
From hole and crevice flew,  
Circling the lofty roof about,  
As loud and long it blew.

His noble hound sprang from his lair,  
The midnight rouse to greet,  
Then, like a timid trembling hare,  
Couch'd at his master's feet.

Between his legs his drooping tail,  
Like dog of vulgar race,  
He hid, and, with strange piteous wail,  
Look'd in his master's face.

The porch seem'd void, but vapour dim  
Soon fill'd the lowering room,  
Then was he aware of a figure grim,  
Approaching thro' the gloom.

And striding as it onward came,  
The vapour wore away;  
Till it stood distinctly by the flame,  
Like a form in the noon of day.

Well Wallace knew that form, that head,—  
That throat unbraced and bare,  
Mark'd deep with streaming circlet red,—  
And he utter'd a rapid prayer.

But when the spectre rais'd its arm,  
And brandish'd its glitt'ring blade,  
That moment broke fear's chilly charm  
On noble Wallace laid.



The threaten'd combat was to him  
Relief;—with weapon bare,  
Herush'd upon the warrior grim,  
But his sword shore empty air.

Then the spectre smil'd with a ghastly grin,  
And its warrior-semblance fled;  
And its features grew stony, fix'd, and thin,  
Like the face of the stiffen'd dead.

The head a further moment crown'd,  
The body's stately wreck  
Shook hideously, and to the ground  
Dropt from the bolter'd neck.

Back shrunk the noble chief aghast,  
And longer tarried not,  
But quickly to the portal past,  
To shun the horrid spot.

But in the portal stiff and tall,  
The apparition stood,—  
And Wallace turn'd and cross'd the hall,  
Where entrance to the wood,

By other door, he hoped to snatch,  
Whose pent arch darkly lower'd;—  
But there, like sentry on his watch,  
The dreadful phantom tower'd.

Then up the ruin'd stairs so steep,  
He ran, with panting breath,  
And from the window—des'prate leap!  
Sprang to the court beneath.

O'er wall and ditch he quickly got,  
Thro' brake and bushy stream;  
When suddenly thro' darkness shot,  
A red and lurid gleam.

He look'd behind, and that lurid light  
Forth from the castle came;  
Within its circuit, thro' the night,  
Appear'd an elrich flame.

— Red glow'd each window, slit, and door,  
Like mouths of furnace hot,—  
And tint of deepest blackness wore  
The walls and steepy moat.

But soon it rose, with bright'ning power,  
Till bush and ivy green,  
And wall-flower, fringing breach and tower,  
Distinctly might be seen.

Then a spreading blaze, with eddy sweep,  
In spiral surges rear'd,  
And then aloft, on the stately keep,  
Fadon's ghost appeared.

A burning rafter, blazing bright,  
It wielded in its hand;  
And its warrior-form of human height,  
Dilated grew and grand.

Coped by a curling tawny cloud,  
With tints sulphureous blent,  
It rose with burst of thunder loud,  
And up the welkin went.

High, high it rose, with wid'ning glare,  
Sent far o'er land and main,  
And shot into the lofty air,  
And all was dark again.

A spell of horror lapt him round,  
Chill'd, motionless, amazed,  
His very pulse of life was bound  
As on black night he gazed.

Till harness'd warrior's heavy tread  
From echoing dell arose;  
"Thank God," with utter'd voice he said,  
"For here come living foes."

With kindling soul that brand he drew,  
Which boldest Southron fears,  
But soon the friendly call knew,  
Of his gallant brave compeers.

With haste each wond'rous tale was told,  
How still, in vain pursuit,  
They follow'd the horn thro' wood and wold,  
And Wallace alone was mute.

Day rose; but silent, sad, and pale,  
Stood the bravest of Scottish race;  
And each warrior's heart began to quail,  
When he look'd in his leader's face.

*An Attempt to Analyse the Automaton Chess Player of M. De Kempelen. With an easy Method of imitating the Movements of that celebrated Figure. Illustrated by Original Drawings. To which is added, a Copious Collection of the Knight's Moves over the Chess Board. 8vo. pp. 40. London, 1821.*

THIS is a very ingenious attempt to detect one of the most singular deceptions ever practised on human credulity, and which, for the last forty years, has excited the astonishment and admiration of every person who has witnessed it. Even Bonaparte, who made automata of kings and princes at his will, was foiled in an encounter with the automaton chess-player, although he was allowed to be as skilful in the game of chess as in war, that 'game at which kings delight to play.'

The author, by a reference to the engravings which he gives, first shows that the machinery within the automaton has no share in the movements, and that although it is intended to be understood that the whole of the interior is first exhibited to the spectators, yet that there is sufficient room to admit the body of a man, who may with great facility direct all the motions of the automaton. He next divides automata into three classes, the simple, the compound, and the spurious. The first class comprises those insulated automata whose movements result from mechanism alone. The second class are those which are moved by machinery, but possess, at the same time, a communication with human agency, though not immediately apparent. The third class contains those automata which, under the semblance only of mechanism, are wholly directed and controlled by a concealed human agent. To this class he assigns the automaton chess-player; for—

'However great and surprising the power of mechanism may be, the movements which spring from it are necessarily limited and uniform; it cannot usurp and exercise the faculties of mind; it cannot be made to vary its operations, so as to meet the ever varying circumstances of a game of chess. This is the province of intellect alone.'

The author next shows, that the movements of the automaton cannot be directed, (as some have thought,) by the exhibitor, who walks about the room, and is frequently at a distance from the chest, far beyond the sphere of influence. Some stress is laid on the circumstance, that the machinery is always exhibited in a quiescent state, and never in motion; indeed, it seems very doubtful whether it ever does or ever was intended to move, notwithstanding that it is regularly wound up for the occasion,—sometimes, it would seem, more frequently than is consistent with the concealment of the deception, as would appear from the following extract:—

'In all machines requiring to be wound up, two consequences are inseparable from their construction; the first is, that in winding up the machinery, the key is limited in the number of its revolutions; and the second is, that some relative proportion must be constantly maintained betwixt the winding up and the work performed, in order to enable the machine to continue its movements. Now these results are not observable in the chess-player; for the automaton will sometimes execute sixty-three moves with only one winding up; at other times, the exhibitor has been observed to repeat the winding up after seven moves, and even three moves; and once, probably from inadvertence, without the intervention of a single move; whilst in every instance, and the circumstance, though trifling, calls for particular attention, (for in these matters, be it remembered, "trifles light as air are confirmations strong,") the key appeared to perform the same number of revolutions: evincing thereby, that the revolving axis was unconnected with machinery, except, perhaps, a ratchet-wheel and clink, or some similar apparatus, to enable it to produce the necessary sounds, and consequently that the key, like that of a child's watch, might be turned whenever the purposes of the exhibition seemed to require it.'

This is pretty strong evidence that the machinery has no share in the automaton's movements; the author next proceeds to point out a method by which any person, well skilled in the game, and not exceeding the ordinary bulk of stature, may secretly animate the automaton, and successfully imitate the movements of M. De Kempelen's chess-player. Having shewn that there is sufficient room in the chest, and stated the way in which the player might be introduced into it, he says,—

'In this position he will find no difficulty in executing every movement required of the automaton; his head being above the table, he will see the chess-board



through the waistcoat, as easily as through a veil; and his left hand extending beyond the elbow of the figure, he will be enabled to guide its hand to any part of the board, and to take up and let go a chess-man, with no other "delicate mechanism" than a string communicating with the fingers. His right hand being within the chest, may serve to keep in motion the contrivance for producing the noise which is heard during the moves, and to perform the other tricks, of moving the head, tapping on the chest, &c.

'In order to facilitate the introduction of the player's left arm into the arm of the figure, the elbow of the latter is obliged to be drawn backwards; and, to account for and conceal this strained attitude, a pipe is ingeniously placed in the automaton's hand. This pipe must not be removed till the other arrangements are completed.

'When all is ready, and the pipe removed, the exhibitor may turn round the winder or key, to give the impression to the spectators of winding up a spring, or weight, and to serve as a signal to the player to set the head of the automaton in motion.

'The above process is simple, feasible, and effective; shewing, indisputably, that the phenomena may be produced without the aid of machinery, and thereby rendering it probable, that the chess-player belongs, in reality, to the third class of automata, and derives its merit solely from the very ingenious mode by which the concealment of a living agent is effected.'

The reference to the engravings in this ingenious dissertation, is so frequent and so essential for the due explanation of the principle upon which the chess-player is conducted, that we fear we have made the subject but very imperfectly intelligible; but it appeared to us sufficiently curious for a short notice, and to those who may feel a further interest in it, we recommend this brief work, and a watchful visit to the automaton itself. The collection of the 'Knight's moves' should be seen by all chess-players.

#### *A General History of the House of Guelph, &c.* By Andrew Halliday.

(Concluded from p. 120.)

**WILLIAM** the Fourth, son of Ernest the Confessor, on the death of his father, in 1546, succeeded to the Duchy of Luneburg, including Celle, in the magnificent castle of which he fixed his residence. He married Dorothea, the daughter of Christian the Third of Denmark, and dying in 1592, left fifteen children, seven of them sons, of whom the following striking instance of fraternal affection is related:—

'On his death-bed, the prince called his

sons around him, and explaining to them the fable of the bundle of sticks, he exhorted them to reign in union; and in the history of their own family, pointed out the disadvantages which had arisen from the frequent division of the country into petty sovereignties, and the impossibility of their either acquiring power or influence, or even of maintaining their hereditary dignity, unless they governed the country as one state. The advice of the aged father had a powerful effect upon his gallant sons. They agreed that the sovereign power should be vested, without restriction, in the elder brother; who, on his death, should be succeeded by the next in seniority. To prevent any future division, they bound themselves by a solemn oath, that only one should marry; and that they should leave it to the determination of chance, which of them should be that one. The lot was cast, and fell upon George, the sixth son.'

On the death of William, Ernest, his eldest son, succeeded. He died in 1611, and Christian, the second brother next assumed the government. He supported the Elector, Palatine of the Rhine, who had been elected King of Bohemia, that prince who was abandoned by his father in law, our James the First. In an engagement with the Spaniards, under Gonzalves de Cordova, at Fleurus, Christian had his right arm shot off, but took the field again as soon as his wounds were healed. He died in 1626, at the age of thirty-six, leaving the government of Luneburg and the command of the army to his next brother, Augustus, who displayed much gallantry in the war. He died in 1636, and was succeeded by his next brother, Frederick, who died in 1648.

George, the sixth son, on whom the matrimonial lot had fallen, and who is the ancestor of the present royal family of England, served with the Swedish army under Gustavus Adolphus. He married Anne-Eleanora, of Hesse D'Amstadt, by whom he left four sons and four daughters. By an agreement with his brothers, it was settled that the states should be divided into two duchies after their decease; that the eldest of his surviving sons should have Luneburg, or Celle; and the second, Calenburg, then called Hanover: but this arrangement did not take place until after the death of Frederick, the last of the seven brothers, in 1648.

Christian Louis, the eldest son of George, on succeeding to the sovereignty on the death of his uncle, fixed his residence at Celle. By a treaty of peace, concluded in 1642, it was agreed that the alternate nomination to the

Bishoprick of Osnaburg should be in the Catholic bishops, and in the Protestant branches of the house of Luneburg; in consequence of which, Ernest Augustus, the youngest brother of Christian Louis, was elected bishop. Christian died without issue, and was succeeded by his brother, George William, who joined the states of Holland, in the war against France, and at the end of the campaign, transmitted to the emperor, seventeen standards and colours out of seventy-two, which his troops had captured from the enemy. The eldest son of the Bishop of Osnaburg, George Louis, afterwards George the First of England, served under his father during this campaign; and, though only fifteen years of age, his gallantry was conspicuous in every action. Ernest Augustus, on the death of his brother John, succeeded to the government of the states of Hanover, in 1679. He had previously married Sophia, the youngest daughter of Frederick, King of Bohemia, by Elizabeth, daughter of James the First of England. In 1692, he was raised to the dignity of Elector, to which was attached the hereditary office of great standard bearer of the empire.—

'No court in Germany, nor indeed in Europe, was more splendid than that of Hanover; and the courtiers of Ernest Augustus may be said to have rivalled those of Louis the Fourteenth in the politeness of their manners, and also in their vices. The old Duke of Luneburg lived in great retirement in his castle at Celle, and seldom appeared in the splendid circle of his younger brother.'

The Elector died in 1698, and was succeeded in his titles and estates by his son, George Louis, who continued to reside with his mother at Hanover, until called to the throne of Great Britain. Here the Genealogical History of the House of Guelph terminates, and we shall, therefore, pass over the account of the intrigues at the English court respecting the succession, and the description of Hanover and Brunswick, and pass to the remaining division of the work, the Records and Original Documents of the House of Guelph.

These records are prefaced by an account of the monasteries founded by the Guelphs, and of their sepulchres, previous to Henry the Lion; and an account of the Saxon ancestors of the Guelphs, up to the same period. These are detailed in letters and statements from the resident magistrates, clergymen, &c. where the monuments or records are to be found. Then follows



an account of the sepulchres of the Guelphs, about the time of Henry the Lion, and subsequent to that period. These documents, though important as materials towards the history of this illustrious family, do not afford us any extract; indeed, the way in which they are huddled together, without order or connection, lessens their interest very much. In the historical narrative, to which they would have given an increased value, the author has scarcely availed himself of them. The whole work betrays a want of method and great slovenliness, both in style and arrangement; and notwithstanding the resources and advantages Dr. Halliday has possessed, we consider his work merely as data towards a History of the Family of the Guelphs, which is as much a desideratum as ever. In all the requisites of an historian, fidelity excepted, Dr. Halliday is miserably deficient, and his work adds one more to the many regrets we have often felt, that Gibbon did not live to finish his Dissertation, which would have been a record worthy of the subject, and which is one of the finest possible for an historian.

*Rome in the Nineteenth Century; containing a complete Account of the Ruins of the Ancient City, the Remains of the Middle Ages, and the Monuments of Modern Times, &c. &c. In a Series of Letters, written during a Residence at Rome, in the Years 1817 and 1818. 3 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh, 1820.*

THIS work is the production of a lively and entertaining writer, who has the talents and ingenuity to treat with novelty subjects that have long appeared to be stale, and to reap a rich harvest in fields which have been abundantly gleaned. The observations of the author, besides being retrospective as to the splendid monuments of antiquity which the 'Queen of cities' still boasts, notices their present state, and also embraces critical remarks on the Fine Arts—a view of the present state of society, and a description of the religious ceremonies, manners, and customs of the modern Romans.

The style is pleasing and familiar; sometimes, perhaps, too flippant, when religion is the subject, for we would respect even the mummeries of Popery.

As the subject of the Fine Arts at Rome has been so often noticed in our pages, we shall select a few extracts which treat of matters less familiar to our readers:—

'The church of S. Sebastian is one of the seven basilica of Rome, that pilgrims visit to obtain "absolution and remission of their sins." But here were we, a parcel of poor heretics, who had visited these holy shrines in vain,—for our sins, unabridged, still stuck by us. Before we left the church, one of its retainers begged of us, "for the holy souls in purgatory," upon which your friend——insisted upon knowing what good money could do them there. The man reluctantly replied, that the money was given to say masses for them, and that these masses shortened the period of their purgation.

"What rascals these priests must be, if they know their masses will release the poor souls that are broiling in the flames, and yet they won't say them without being paid for it! Is that what they call Christian charity, I wonder?"

'The man pitching on his last word, only replied by recommencing his accustomed whine, of "Carità Signore! par le Anime Sante in Purgatoria! Carità!" &c. &c.

'Mr.——, then shewing him a piastre, asked him with great apparent seriousness and simplicity, how many souls that would take out of purgatory. The man, evidently half enraged, but unwilling to lose the money, declared he could not safely take upon him to say how many souls it would deliver from the flames, but he could aver that it would do much towards furthering the liberation of some of them.

'Mr.—— then began to bargain with him for the number of masses that were to be said for it; and having cheapened them from one, which he at first proposed, to four, he gave him the piece of money for the "Anime Sante," and went away.

'Such a conversation in such a place, a century or two ago, I imagine, might have got our friend into a hotter situation in this world, than the "Anime Sante" occupy in the other.'

'Confessionals in every living language stand in St. Peter's: Spaniards, Portuguese, French, English, Germans, Hungarians, Dutch, Swedes, Greeks, and Armenians, here find a ghostly counsellor ready to hear and absolve in their native tongue.

'At stated times, the confessors attend in the confessionals. This morning, being Friday, they were sitting in readiness. Some of those who were unemployed, were reading. All had long wands, like fishing rods, sticking out of the box. The people passing, kneel down opposite the confessor, who touches their head with his wand, which possesses the virtue of communicating spiritual benefit to their souls. The other day, I was much amused to see in a church into which we entered by accident, a fat old friar sitting in his confession-box, fast asleep, while a woman was pouring through the grate, into his unconscious ear, the catalogue of her sins. As the confessor and the confessant

do not see each other, I should suppose this accident might sometimes occur, especially if the confession be somewhat prolix.

'For one man that I see at confession in the churches, there are at least fifty women. Whether it be that men have fewer sins, or women more penitence, or that it is more repugnant to the pride of man to avow them to man, or that women have more time to think about them, (though for that matter, as far as I see, both sexes are equally idle here,) I cannot determine. But so it is. However, the men do confess. They must. If every true born Italian, man, woman, and child, within the Pope's dominions, does not confess and receive the communion at least once a-year, before Easter, his name is posted up in the parish church; if he still refrain, he is exhorted, entreated, and otherwise tormented; and if he persist in his contumacy, he is excommunicated, which is a very good joke to us, but none at all to an Italian, since it involves the loss of civil rights, and perhaps of liberty and property. Even the Pope confesses, which I don't understand; for they say he is infallible. Then, if infallible, how can he have any failings to confess?"

"Plenary indulgence and remission of sins," are liberally offered here on very easy terms. I was at first rather startled with the prodigal manner in which that full pardon of all transgressions, which the Gospel promises only as the reward of sincere repentance and amendment, was bestowed at Rome, in consideration of repeating certain prayers before the shrine of certain saints, or paying a certain sum of money to certain priests.

'I was surprised to find scarcely a church in Rome, that did not hold up at the door the tempting inscription of "Indulgentia Plenaria." Two hundred days' indulgence I thought a great reward for every kiss bestowed upon the great black cross in the Coliseum; but that is nothing to the indulgences for ten, twenty, and even thirty thousands of years, that may be bought, at no exorbitant rate, in many of the churches; so that it is amazing what a vast quantity of treasure may be amassed in the other world with very little industry in this, by those who are avaricious of this spiritual wealth, into which, indeed, the cross or riches of this world may be converted, with the happiest facility imaginable.

'We are told, that "it is easier for a camel to enter into the eye of a needle, than a rich man into the kingdom of heaven;" but, at Rome, at least, it would seem to be difficult, nay, impossible, to keep a rich man out.'

From several highly interesting tales of monastic life which these volumes contain, we select the two following, which present a melancholy picture of the distress which it so frequently occasions. The author is speaking of the convent of St. Sylvestro:—



'The history of one of the former nuns of this convent, as related to me by one of the sisters, is quite a romance, and in its most common-place style. Her name was Sasso Ferrato; she was left an orphan and an heiress in infancy, and placed by her uncle, her sole guardian, here, with the intention of inducing her to take the veil, that her fortune might descend to him and to his family. It happened, however, that, at one of the grand processions of the Virgin, which the nuns were assembled to behold, the young Sasso Ferrato saw, and was seen by the captain of the guards, stationed at the convent, a younger son of the Guistiniani family, and a brother of one of her youthful companions in the convent. His visits to his sister became very frequent, and Sasso Ferrato generally contrived to accompany her friend on those occasions. They became desperately in love; but the cruel uncle refused his consent, and by arts which intimidated the young and inexperienced mind of Sasso Ferrato, by powerful interest, which rendered the complaints of her lover vain, and by his authority, as the representative of her parents, he succeeded in obliging her to take the veil. She only lived two years afterwards.

'Her lover became a maniac, and after being confined for some time, continued, during the remaining years of his life, to roam about the neighbourhood of the city, his hair and beard growing wild, his dress neglected, and his manners gloomy and ferocious, though harmless in his actions.'

'I am informed that young nuns often fall in love with young friars, but that the attachment is perfectly Platonic. Indeed, so strict are now the rules of female monastic life, that I believe it must necessarily be so. But love, it is well known, will break through bolts and bars, and grates and convent walls; and love once inspired a nun with the project of getting out of her convent through a common sewer, which however unsavory a path, she frequently practised after night had covered the world with her sable curtain, and wrapped the peaceful sisterhood in the arms of Morpheus. Her nun's dress was deposited in her chamber, and the exterior dirty garment, with which she passed through the sewer, was exchanged for one her lover wrapped her in at its mouth. She used to walk with him sometimes for hours, but always returned to her convent before the dawn. One evening, however, on returning from her romantic ramble by moonlight, what was her horror to find the sewer—the well-known passage—completely choked up with water, and all entrance impracticable. Discovery would bring certain destruction on herself and her lover. Their lives would be the forfeit, or a solitary dungeon their mildest doom. Concealment was impracticable; for who would harbour them? Flight impossible; for without passports, the gates of the city

would be closed against them; and could they scale the walls, no other would be open to them. In this situation, the courage and presence of mind of the nun saved them both. She went, dressed in her lover's clothes, to the house of the Cardinal Vicario, who was an old friend of her father's; disturbed the family; had the cardinal roused out of bed on the plea of the most urgent and important business; obtained a private audience, threw herself at his feet, and confessed all. So earnestly did she implore him to save her and her family from the public disgrace of an exposure, that, melted by her tears, he followed the plan she suggested; ordered his carriage, took her, and one confidential chaplain on whose fidelity he could rely, drove to the convent, rang up the portress, and pretending he had received information of a man having entered and being concealed in it, demanded instant admittance to search it, which, in virtue of his office, could not be refused at any hour. He ordered the terrified sisters to remain in their rooms, and having dropped the disguised nun in hers, proceeded in his mock examination till she had disrobed herself, and his attendants had conveyed away the bundle of her clothes; then professing himself perfectly satisfied that the information he had received was false, he left the convent,—taking care, however, next day, to have the sewer so closed, that it could never serve for any thing but a passage for dirty water again.'

The author gives a very amusing description of the state of society at Rome, where there was then 'a most amusing collection of ex-royalty of all sorts and kinds, remnants of old dynasties, and scions of heirs legitimate and illegitimate, all jumbled together. Besides the old King and Queen of Spain, there are the Ex-Queen and the young King of Etruria—the abdicated King of Sardinia, turned Jesuit—Louis Bonaparte, the deposed King of Holland, living like a hermit—and Lucien Bonaparte, the uncrowned King, living like a prince. An accidental meeting with the Pope in the streets is thus noticed:—

'We were proceeding along the ancient Via Triumphalis, that leads from the church of St. Gregory to the Coliseum, when the coachman observing to us, "Viene il papa," drew up close by the side of the road, and stopped. His holiness was preceded by a detachment of the "Guarda Nobile," who, as soon as they came up with our open caleshe, commanded us, in no very gentle voice, to get out of the carriage. But ———, whose spirit did not at all relish this mandate, nor the tone in which it was uttered, manifested no intention to comply, and our servant, with true Italian readiness at a lie, declared we were *Forestieri*, who did not understand Italian. The officers, re-

solved to make us understand something else, repeated the order, and began to flourish their swords about our ears. But ——— sat with more inflexible resolution than ever, and all that was John Bull in his composition now refused to move. For my part, I make it a rule never to oppose these pointed arguments, and, therefore, jumped out of the carriage, and purposely contrived to get myself involved amongst the horses and drawn swords of the cavalry, knowing that I was in no real danger, and that ——— would forget his dignity, and come to my assistance, which he accordingly did; but otherwise nothing, I believe, but main force would have got him out of the carriage. We saw the papal procession advance up the Triumphal Way, along which the victorious cars of so many Roman heroes and conquerors had rolled in their day of triumph. His holiness seemed, however, content with the honours of an ovation, for he was walking on foot, and instead of a myrtle crown, his brows were crowned with a large broad-brimmed scarlet velvet hat, bound with gold lace. This hat he very courteously took off as he passed us, and afterwards made another bow, in return for our courtesies. Our lacquey was on his knees in the dust, and all the Italians we saw, awaited his approach in the same attitude, then prostrated themselves before him to kiss his toe, or rather the gold cross, embroidered in front of his scarlet shoes. His robes, which descend to his feet, were scarlet; on state occasions he wears no colour but white. He was attended by two cardinals, in their ordinary dress of black, edged with scarlet, followed by a train of servants, and by his coach, drawn by six black horses, the very model of the gilt, scarlet, wooden-looking equipages you may have seen in children's baby-houses. It looked exactly like a large toy.

'The Pope himself is a very fine venerable old man, with a countenance expressive of benignity and pious resignation. His is the very head you would draw for a Pope. I have since frequently met him walking in this manner, on the roads, for exercise, after his early dinner.'

Our last extract shall be an account of the palaces of Rome, and the manner of living of the nobility:—

'Palaces, to an English ear, convey an idea of all that the imagination can figure of elegance and splendour. But, after a certain residence in Italy, even this obstinate early association is conquered, and the word immediately brings to our mind images of dirt, neglect, and decay. The palaces of Rome are innumerable; but then, every gentleman's house is a palace,—I should say, every nobleman's,—for there are no gentlemen in Italy, except noblemen; society being, as of old, divided into two classes, the Patricians and the Plebeians; but though every gentleman is a nobleman, I am sorry to say, every nobleman is not a gentleman; nei-



ther would many of their palaces be considered by any means fit residences for gentlemen in our country. The legitimate application of the word, which, with us, is confined to a building forming a quadrangle, and inclosing a court within itself, is by no means adhered to here. Every house that has a porte cocher, and many that have not, are called palaces; and, in short, under that high-sounding appellation, are comprehended places, whose wretchedness far surpasses the utmost stretch of an English imagination to conceive.

Rome, however, contains *real* palaces, whose magnitude and magnificence are astonishing to transalpine eyes; but their tasteless architecture is more astonishing still.

Though they have the great names of Michael Angelo, Bramante, Versopi, Bernini, &c. &c. among their architects; though they are built of travertine stone, which, whether viewed with the deepened hues of age in the Coliseum, or the brightness of recent finish in St. Peter's, is, I think, by far the finest material for building in the world; and though, from the grandeur of their scale, and the prodigality of their decoration, they admitted of grand combinations and striking effect,—yet they are lamentably destitute of architectural beauty in the exterior; and in the interior, though they are filled with vast ranges of spacious apartments, though the polished marbles and precious spoils of antiquity have not been spared to embellish them, though the genius of painting has made them her modern temples, and sculpture adorned them with the choicest remains of ancient art—yet they are, generally speaking, about the most incommensurable, unenviable, uncomfortable dwellings, you can imagine.

I know it may be said, that comfort in England and in Italy is not the same thing; but it never can consist in dullness, dirt, and dilapidation, any where. Italian comfort may not require thick carpets, warm fires, or close rooms; but it can be no worse of clean floors, commodious furniture, and a house in good repair.

In habitations of such immense size and costly decorations as these, you look for libraries, baths, music rooms, and every appendage of refinement and luxury; but these things are rarely to be found in Italian palaces. If they were arranged and kept up, indeed, with any thing of English propriety, consistency, order, or cleanliness, many of them would be noble habitations; but, in the best of them, you see a barrenness, neglect, an all prevailing look of misery—deficiencies every where—and contemptible meannesses adhering to grasping magnificence. But nothing is so offensive as the dirt. Amongst all the palaces, there is no such thing as a palace of cleanliness. You see,—and that is not the worst,—you smell abominable dunghills, heaped up against the walls of splendid palaces, and foul heaps

of ordure and rubbish defiling their columned courts; you ascend noble marble staircases, whose costly materials are invisible beneath the accumulated filth that covers them; and you are sickened with the noisome ordures that assail you at every turn. You pass through long suites of ghastly rooms, with a few crazy old tables and chairs, thinly scattered through them, and behold around you nothing but gloom and discomfort.

The custom of abandoning the ground-floor to menial purposes, except when used for shops, which is almost universal throughout Italy, and covering its windows, both for security and economy, with a strong iron grate, without any glass behind it, contributes to give the houses and palaces a wretched and dungeon-like appearance.

It is no uncommon thing for an Italian nobleman to go up into the attics of his own palace himself, and to let the principal rooms to lodgers. Proud as he is, he thinks this no degradation; though he would spurn the idea of allowing his sons to follow any profession, save that of arms or of the church. He would sooner see them dependants, flatterers, eavesdroppers, spies, gamblers, *cavalieri servanti*, polite rogues of any kind—or even beggars,—than honest merchants, lawyers, or physicians.

The Fiano Palace has its lower story let out into shops, and its superior ones occupied by about twenty different families—among which, the duke and duchess live in a corner of their own palace.

It is the same case with more than half the nobles of Rome and Naples. But the Doria, the Borghese, and the Colonna, possess enough of their ancient wealth to support their hereditary dignity, and their immense palaces are filled only with their own families and dependants. Not but that, though lodgings are not let at the Dora Palace, butter is sold there every week, which, in England, would seem rather an extraordinary trade for one of the first noblemen in the land to carry on in his own house. Yet this very butter-selling prince looks down with a species of contempt upon a great British merchant.

Commerce seems to be no longer respected in Italy—not even in Florence, where its reigning princes were merchants. Yet the proudest Florentine noblemen sell wine, by the flask, at their own palaces. I wonder the profits of this little huckstering trade never induced them to think of entering into larger concerns, that they might have larger returns. I wonder it never led them to remember that commerce was the source of the modern prosperity of Italy. But commerce cannot exist without freedom—a truth that princes and people have yet to learn here.

The palaces of all the ancient Roman nobility have, in the entrance hall, a crimson canopy of state, beneath which, the prince sits on a raised throne to re-

ceive his vassals, hear their complaints, redress their grievances, and administer justice. Perhaps I ought to speak in the past, rather than the present tense; but they still exercise a sort of feudal jurisdiction over their numerous *tenantry*—among whom their will is law.

Above the door of every palace, upon the escutcheon of the family arms, we seldom fail to see the S. P. Q. R., all that is left of the senate and people of Rome.

The lovers of light reading will be much pleased with these volumes, while the more grave student may find much worthy of his attention.

*Laneham's Letter, describing the magnificent Pageants presented before Queen Elizabeth, at Kenilworth Castle, in 1575; with an Introductory Preface, Glossarial and Explanatory Notes.* 12mo. pp. 114. London, 1821.

It might almost be a question whether the author of *Waverley* is not entitled to a national reward, even in a commercial point of view. For, independent of the good taste in novel writing which he has created, and the gratification that he has afforded to millions, every production from his pen gives an active impulse to trade. Printers, booksellers, book-binders, &c. are immediately set in motion, the doors of the circulating libraries are closely beset, and the most agreeable present that a lover can make to his mistress is an early copy of the last novel of the author of '*Waverley*.' The dramatic writers pounce on it, while it yet steams from the press, and the scene painter and the machinist are instantly set to work to produce, in as short a space as possible, a drama on the then most popular subject of the day—the last novel or romance by the author of '*Waverley*.' But the business does not stop here; authors of less note find it an excellent speculation to graft an explanatory or illustrative tract on the novel. Of this character is the work before us, which is a reprint of a curious old tract that is repeatedly referred to in the romance of *Kenilworth*; and, there stiled 'a very diverting tract, written by as great a coxcomb as ever blotted paper.'

It appears, from a well-written introductory preface, that 'Master Robert Laneham' was a native of Nottingham, but brought up in London, where he was taken under the patronage of the Earl of Leicester, who promoted him to the office of clerk of the council chamber and gentleman usher; offices which, as he says in his letter, gave him the pri-



vilege of being present at any exhibition which should be prepared for the Queen. Laneham understood the French, Spanish, Dutch, and Latin languages, which he says, 'now and then stand me in good stead.' There have been several copies of Laneham's letter printed; and the present improved edition has been taken from a careful collation of the best, with such revisions and improvements as might best qualify it for general reading. Indeed this was necessary, for Laneham's sentences are often so metaphorical, or constructed of such singular expressions, that they would lead the plain and general reader to doubt what was his true meaning.

In our review of 'Kenilworth,' we stated that the festivities given by the Earl of Leicester on the Queen's visit were passed over very slightly; Laneham has, however, given an ample detail of them, which we shall briefly notice.

Queen Elizabeth, on visiting Kenilworth, was met at some distance from the castle by a sybil 'comely clad in a pall of white silk,' who pronounced 'a proper poesy in English rhyme and metre: of effect, how great gladness her goodness' presence brought to every stead where it pleased her to come, and especially now into that place that had so long longed after the same.' On reaching the next gate, 'a porter tall of person, big of limb, and stern of countenance, wrapped also all in silk, with a club and keys of quantity according, had a rough speech, full of passions, in metre aptly made to the purpose.' After first hesitating to give admission, he 'proclaims' open gates and free passage to all, yields up his club, his keys, his office, and all, and on his knees humbly prays pardon of his ignorance and impatience, which her Highness graciously granting—

'He caused his trumpeters that stood upon the wall of the gate, there to sound up a tune of welcome; which, beside the noble noise, was so much the more pleasant to behold, because these trumpeters, being six in number, were every one eight feet high, in due proportion of person beside, all in long garments of silk suitable, each with his silvery trumpet of five feet long, formed taper-wise, and straight from the upper part unto the lower end, where the diameter was sixteen inches over; and yet so tempered by art, that being very easy to the blast, they cast forth no greater noise, nor a more unpleasant sound for time and tune, than any other common trumpet, be it never so artificially formed. These harmonious blasters, from the foreside of the gate, at her highness' entrance, where they began walking upon

the walls unto the inner [court], had this music maintained from them very delectably, while her highness all along this tilt-yard rode unto the inner gate, next the base-court of the castle, where the Lady of the Lake, (famous in King Arthur's book) with two nymphs waiting upon her, arrayed all in silks, awaited her highness's coming: from the midst of the pool, where, upon a moveable island, bright blazing with torches, she floated to land, and met her Majesty with a well-penned metre and matter after this sort: [viz.] First, of the ancestry of the castle, who had been owners of the same e'en till this day, most always in the hands of the Earls of Leicester; how she had kept this lake since King Arthur's days; and now, understanding of her highness's hither coming, thought it both her office and duty in humble wise to discover her and her estate; offering up the same, her lake, and power therein, with promise of repair unto the court. It pleased her highness to thank this lady, and to add withall: "We had thought indeed the lake had been ours, and do you call it yours now? Well, we will herein commune more with you hereafter."

'This pageant was closed up with a delectable harmony of hautboys, shalms, cornets, and such other loud music, that held on while her Majesty pleasantly so passed from thence toward the castle-gate; whereunto, from the base-court, over a dry valley cast into a good form, there was framed a fair bridge of twenty feet wide, and seventy feet long, gravelled for treading, railed on either part with seven posts on a side, that stood twelve feet asunder, thickened between with well-proportioned turned pillars.

'Upon the first pair of posts were set two comely square wire cages, three feet long, and two feet wide; and high in them live bitterns, curlews, shovelers, hernshaws, godwits, and such like dainty birds, of the presents of Sylvanus, the god of fowl. On the second pair two great silvered bowls, featly apted to the purpose, filled with apples, pears, cherries, filberds, walnuts, fresh upon their branches, and with oranges, pomegranates, lemons, and pippins, all for the gifts of Pomona, goddess of fruits. The third pair of posts, in two such silvered bowls, had (all in ears green and old) wheat, barley, oats, beans, and pease, as the gifts of Ceres. The fourth post, on the left hand, in a like silvered bowl, had grapes in clusters, white and red, graced with their vine leaves: the match post against it had a pair of great white silver livery pots for wine: and before them two glasses of good capacity, filled full; the one with white wine, the other with claret, so fresh of colour, and of look so lovely, smiling to the eye of many, that by my faith methought, by their leering, they could have found in their hearts, (as the evening was hot,) to have kissed them sweetly and thought it no sin: and these were the potent presents of Bacchus, the god of

wine. The fifth pair had each a fair large tray, strewed with fresh grass\*; and in them conger, burt, mullet, fresh herrings, oysters, salmon, crevis, and such like, from Neptunus, god of the sea. On the sixth pair of posts were set two ragged staves of silver, as my lord gives them in his arms, beautifully glittering of armour, thereupon depending bows, arrows, spears, shield, head-piece, gorget, corslets, swords, targets, and such like, for Mars' gifts, the god of war. And the aptlier (methought) was it that those ragged staves supported these martial presents, as well because these staves by their tines seem naturally meet for the bearing of armour, as also that they chiefly in this place might take upon them the principal protection of her highness's person, that so benignly pleased her to take harbour. On the seventh posts, the last and next to the castle, where there pight two fair bay branches of four feet high, adorned on all sides with lutes, viols, shalms, cornets, flutes, recorders, and harps, as the presents of Phœbus, the god of music, for rejoicing the mind, and also of physic, for health to the body.'

Music and fireworks closed this day's proceedings. On the following day (Sunday), the morning was occupied 'in divine service, and preaching at the parish church;' the afternoon 'in excellent music of sundry sweet instruments, and in dancing of lords and ladies and other worshipful degrees:—

'At night late, as though Jupiter the last night had forgot for business, or forborne for courtesy and quiet, part of his welcome unto her highness appointed, now entering at the first into his purpose moderately (as mortals do) with a warning piece or two, proceeding on with increase, till at last the Altitonant [i. e. High Thunderer,] displays me his main power; with blaze of burning darts flying to and fro, leams of stars coruscant, streams and hail of fiery sparks, lightnings of wildfire on water and land, flight and shooting of thunderbolts, all with such continuance, terror, and vehemency, that the heavens thundered, the waters surged, the earth shook, and in such sort surely, as had we not been assured that the fulminant deity was all hot in amity, and could not otherwise testify his welcome unto her highness, it would have made me for my part, as hardy as I am, very vengeably airaid. This ado lasted until the midnight was passed, that it seemed well with me soon after, when I found me in my cabin.'

On the Monday, the Queen went to the chace at five o'clock in the evening, when 'the hart was killed, a goodly deer,' but this did not terminate the sport:—

'For about nine o'clock, at the hither

\* In the other early copy "strewed a little with fresh grass."



part of the chase, where torch light attended, out of the woods, in her majesty's return, there came roughly forth Hombre Salvagio [i. e. a savage man,] with an oaken plant plucked up by the roots in his hand, himself foregrown all in moss and ivy; who, for personage, gesture, and utterance beside, countenanced the matter to very good liking; and had speech to this effect:—That continuing so long in these wild wastes, wherein oft had he fared both far and near, yet happed he never to see so glorious an assembly before: and now cast into great grief of mind, for that neither by himself could he guess, nor knew where else to be taught, what they should be, or who bare estate. Reports, some had he heard of many strange things, but broiled thereby so much the more in desire of knowledge. Thus, in great pangs, bethought he, and called he upon all his familiars and companions, the fawns, the satyrs, the nymphs, the dryades, and the hamadryades; but none making answer, whereby his care the more increasing, in utter grief and extreme refuge, called he aloud at last after his old friend Echo, that he wist would hide nothing from him, but tell him all, if she were here. "Here" (quoth Echo.) "Here, Echo, and art thou there?" (says he) "Ah! how much hast thou relieved my careful spirits with thy courtesy onward. Ay me, good Echo, here is a marvellous presence of dignity; what are they, I pray thee, who is sovereign, tell me, I beseech thee, or else how might I know?" "I know," (quoth she.) "Knowest thou?" says he; "marry, that is exceedingly well: Why then, I desire thee, heartily show me what majesty, for no mean degree is it) have we here: a King, or a Queen?" "A Queen!" (quoth Echo.) "A Queen!" says he, pausing, and wisely viewing awhile, "now full certainly seems thy tale to be true." And proceeding by this manner of dialogue, with an earnest beholding her highness awhile, recounts he, first, how justly that former reports agree with his present sight, touching the beautiful lineaments of countenance, the comely proportion of body, the princely grace of presence, the gracious gifts of nature, with the rare and singular qualities of both body and mind in her majesty conjoined, and so apparent at eye. Then shortly rehearsing Saturday's acts, of Sybil's salutation; of the porter's proposition; of his trumpeter's music; of the lake lady's oration, and of the seven gods' seven presents, he reported the incredible joy that all estates in the land have always of her highness wheresoever she came; ending with pre-sage and prayer of perpetual felicity, and with humble subjection of him and his, and all that they may do. After this sort the matter went, with little difference, I guess, saving only in this point, that the thing which I here report in unpolished prose, was there pronounced in good metre and matter, very well endited in rhyme. Echo finely framed, most aptly,

by answers thus to utter all. And I shall tell you, Master Martin, by the mass, of a mad adventure—As this savage, for the more submission, broke his tree asunder, and cast the top from him, it had almost light upon her highness's horse's head; whereat he startled, and the gentleman much dismayed. See the benignity of the prince: as the footmen looked well to the horse, and he of generosity soon calmed of himself—"No hurt, no hurt," quoth her highness. Which words, I promise you, we were all glad to hear, and took them to be the best part of the play.

Hunting, bear-baiting, &c., occupied the succeeding days of the first week until the Sunday, when there was 'a fruitful sermon in the forenoon.' In the afternoon, 'a solemn bridal of a proper couple was appointed,' which gives so good a picture of the rural festivities of the times, and is so quaintly described, that we cannot forbear quoting it:—

'First, all the lusty lads and bold bachelors of the parish, suitably habited every wight, with his blue buckram bride-lace upon a branch of green broom (because rosemary is scant there) tied on his left arm, for on that side lies the heart; and his alder pole for a spear in his right hand, in martial order ranged on afore, two and two in a rank: some with a hat, some in a cap, some a coat, some a jerkin, some for lightness, in doublet and hose, clean trussed with points afore; some boots and no spurs, this spurs and no boots, and he again neither one nor other: one had a saddle, another a pad or a pannel fastened with a cord, for girths were geazon: and these, to the number of sixteen wights, riding men and well beseen: but the bridegroom foremost in his father's tawny worsted jacket, (for his friends were fain that he should be a bride-groom before the Queen) a fair straw hat with a capital crown, steeple-wise on his head; a pair of harvest gloves on his hands, as a sign of good husbandry; a pen and ink-horn at his back, for he would be known to be bookish: lame of a leg that in his youth was broken at football; well beloved of his mother, who lent him a new muffler for a napkin, that was tied to his girdle for losing it. It was no small sport to mark this minion in his full appointment, that, through good tuition, became as formal in his action as had he been a bride-groom indeed; with this special grace by the way, that ever as he would have framed to himself the better countenance, with the worst face he looked.

'Well, sir, after these horsemen, a lively morrice-dance according to the ancient manner: six dancers, maid-marian, and the fool. Then three pretty pucelles, as bright as a breast of bacon, of thirty years old a-piece; that carried three special spice-cakes of a bushel of wheat (they had by measure, out of my lord's bake-

house) before the bride, Cicely, with set countenance and lips so demurely simpering, as it had been a mare cropping of a thistle. After these, a lovely loober-worts, freckle-faced, red-headed, clean trussed in his doublet and his hose, taken up now indeed by commission, for that he was loath to come forward, for reverence belike of his new cut canvas doublet; and would by his good will have been but a gazer, but found to be a meet actor for his office; that was to bear the bride-cup, formed of a sweet sucket barrel, a fair turned foot set to it, all seemly besilvered and parcell gilt adorned with a beautiful branch of broom, gaily begilded for rosemary: from which two broad bride-laces of red and yellow buckram begilded, and gallantly streaming by such wind as there was, for he carried it aloft: this gentle cup-bearer had his freckled physiognomy somewhat unhappily infested, as he went, by the busy flies, that flocked about the bride-cup, for the sweetness of the sucket that it savoured of; but he, like a tall fellow, withstood their malice stoutly—see what manhood may do—beat them away, killed them by scores, stood to his charge, and marched on in good order.

'Then followed the worshipful bride, led, after the country manner, between two ancient parishioners, honest townsmen. But a stale stallion and a well spread (hot as the weather was,) God wot, and ill-smelling was she: thirty years old,\* of colour brown-bay, not very beautiful indeed, but ugly, foul, and ill-favored; yet marvellous fond of the office, because she heard say she should dance before the Queen, in which feast she thought she would foot it as finely as the best. Well, after this bride there came, by two and two, a dozen damsels for bride-maids, that for favour, attire, for fashion and cleanliness, were as meet for such a bride as a tureen ladle for a porridge-pot: more, but for fear of carrying all clean, had been appointed, but these few were enough.

'As the company in this order, were come into the court, marvellous were the martial acts that were done there that day. The bride-groom, for pre-eminence, had the first course at the quintain, and broke his spear with true hardiment; but his mare in her manege did a little so titubate, that much ado had his manhood to sit in his saddle, and escape the foil of a fall; with the help of his hand, yet he recovered himself, and lost not his stirrups, (for he had none to his saddle,) had no hurt as it happened, but only that his girth burst, and lost his pen and ink-horn, which he was ready to weep for: but his handkercher, as good hap was, found he safe at his girdle. that cheered him somewhat, and had good regard it should not be soiled. For though heat and cold had, upon sundry occasions, made him sometimes to sweat, and sometimes rheumatic,

\* The other early copy reads "thirty-five years old."



yet durst he be bolder to blow his nose and wipe his face with the flappet of his father's jacket, than with his mother's muffler: 'tis a goodly matter, when youth are mannerly brought up, in fatherly love and motherly awe.

'Now, sir, after the bride-groom had made his course, ran the rest of the band awhile in some order; but soon after, tag and rag, cut and long tail: where the specialty of the sport was, to see how some for their slackness had a good bob with the bag; and some for their haste, too, would topple down-right, and come down tumbling to the post. Some striving so much at the first setting out, that it seemed a question between the man and the beast, whether the course should be made on horseback or on foot; and put forth with the spurs, then would run his race by as among the thickest of the throng, that down came they together, hand over head. Another, while he directed his course to the quintain, his jument would carry him to a mare among the people: so his horse was as amorous as himself adventurous. Another, too, would run and miss the quintain with his staff, and hit the board with his head.

'Many such frolicsome games were there among these riders; who, by and by afterwards, upon a greater courage, left their quintaining, and ran at one another. There to see the stern countenances, the grim looks, the courageous attempts, the desperate adventures, the dangerous curvets, the fierce encounters, whereby the buff at the man, and the counterbuff at the horse, that both sometimes came toppling to the ground. By my troth, Master Martin, 'twas a lively pastime; I believe it would have moved a man to a right merry mood, though it had been told him that his wife lay dying.'

Having thus noticed the principal sports, we must now take our leave of Master Robert Laneham, 'mercier, merchant, adventurer, and clerk of the council chamber door, and also keeper of the same,' to say something of the present editor, who has put him into a dress which makes him more perfectly understood. The glossarial and explanatory notes are a very valuable appendage to Laneham's letter, and display much antiquarian research, and an intimate acquaintance with the peculiar manners and customs of the age of Elizabeth. As illustrative of the romance of Kenilworth, the present volume is very interesting, and ought to be bound up with it. The editor has also given the original story on which the romance is founded\*, and Mickle's ballad of Cumnor Hall, which is not printed in the collected works of that poet.

\* See *Literary Chronicle*, No. 87.

## Original Communications.

### THE BURIAL SERVICE.

To the Editor of the *Literary Chronicle*.

SIR,—Of all the formula of the Liturgy of the Church of England, there is no part of it so grand and sacred as 'the burial service;' none so truly impressive, or so well calculated to excite religious feelings in the human heart. For this reason, I think it worthy of the special consideration of the highest dignitaries of its establishment, to make an erratum for the following sentence, which is said by the priest, 'in *sure and certain* hope of the resurrection,' &c.

As a member of the religion of this country, I do not think it right that there should not be some distinction made between a truly *good* man and a notoriously *wicked* man. The above sentence is *twice* said at the grave, and, in addition to its repetition, 'We give thee *heartly thanks* for that it hath pleased thee to deliver this our *brother* out of the miseries of this sinful world, beseeching thee that it may please thee, of thy gracious goodness, shortly to accomplish the number of thine *elect*,' &c.

Would it not be more appropriate to omit such incongruities, or so to amend the Liturgy as to give it a more unexceptionable tone to the true spirit of devotion and truth? I presume so.

The Quakers have the decided advantage in this, as also in the reading of their Scriptures to their children, to shield them from the dangers so properly noticed by 'A PARENT,' in your ninety-third number. This is one of the features of the Lancasterian system of education to youth, which Dr. Bell has not avoided *in toto*.

Another of your respectable writers, signed 'L.,' in the above number, has written on epitaphs: I would offer this letter as an addendum to both, by observing, how improper it is that *eulogies* should be continually delivered at the grave, by ministers, who are selected to officiate, without knowing, sometimes, even the sex or age of the deceased, for 'a fee, a hatband, and a pair of gloves.'

Let not, Sir, churchmen and dissenters cry out against Rome and its abominations, while they retain so much of the old leaven of Popery and continue similar practices, though contrary to their professions.

I am, Sir, your's with respect,  
PULVIS.

### ABSENCE OF MIND.

*La Fontaine*.—When this poet went to Versailles, to present his Fables to the King, it appeared, after he had delivered a very good address, that he had forgotten the book.

*Lessing*.—The justly celebrated Lessing was frequently very absent. Having missed money at different times without being able to discover who took it, he determined to put the honesty of his servant to a trial, and left a handful of gold on his table. 'Of course you counted it,' said one of his friends. 'Counted it,' said Lessing, rather embarrassed, 'no; I forgot that.'

In a public sale, there was a book which Lessing was very desirous of possessing. He gave three of his friends, at different times, a commission to buy it at any price. They accordingly bid against each other till they had got as far as ninety crowns; there having been no other bidder after it had reached ten crowns. Happily, one of them thought it best to speak to the others, when it appeared that they had all been bidding for Lessing, whose forgetfulness, in this instance, cost him eighty crowns.

An absent man dining with a gentleman and his sister, the latter fainted at table; which our blunderer, without thinking, imputed to her being in the way which women 'wish to be who love their lords.' 'You are rather out there, my friend,' said his host, 'my sister has been a *widow* these three years.'—'I really beg your pardon,' exclaimed the other; 'I thought she was a spinster.'

Mr. A\*\*\*\* receives a letter, he knows the hand-writing, he wants to read it in haste—it is already dark, he strikes a light, tears a paper, and lights a taper, but the letter is gone—he had used it to light the candle!

The *Memoirs of Count Tessin*, lately published at Stockholm, contain the following anecdote:—'Of all the absent people I ever knew in Sweden, the most remarkable was the late Chancellor Baron Nolkin. Two instances deserve to be related. Once, when he had to read to His Royal Highness Prince Adolphus Frederick, (now King,) a report of the privy council, he very gravely took out of his pocket the lease of his house, which he had nearly read to the end, till the remarks of the prince, at last, made him sensible of his mistake. Another time, he came into his Royal Highness's an-



ti-chamber, where I was with several officers, and asked for Count Tessin; I answered him myself, but he went out in a very great hurry, and came back and said, the officer in waiting affirms that he is in the room. I answered, 'your lordship will believe me, I hope, for I have myself seen the count go out of the room.' Nolkin went out a second time, and came back again with a new assurance of the officer in waiting, on which a general laugh ensued, which waked him out of his dream.'

Alexander Cruden, the author of the *Concordance*, was very intimate with the famous Dr. Bradbury, a zealous dissenting clergyman. The doctor had one evening prepared an excellent supper for several friends; at the moment it was served on the table, Mr. Cruden made his appearance in the room heated with walking. The doctor's favourite dish, a turkey, was smoking at one end of the table, and before the company could be seated, Cruden advanced, put back his wig, and with both hands plunged in the gravy, he calmly washed his hands and his face over the bird, to the no small mortification of the doctor and his company.

### Original Criticisms

ON

*The Principal Performers of the Theatres  
Royal Drury Lane & Covent Garden.*

#### No. XIII.—MISS FOOTE

'Grace was in all her steps, Heav'n in her eye,  
In ev'ry gesture dignity and love.'—MILTON.

WERE we to indulge ourselves in retracing all the beauties of Miss Foote; her heavenly beaming smile, the soft expression of her dove-like eyes, and her other thousand fascinating attractions, instead of writing a criticism, we should, undoubtedly, launch forth into the most extravagant panegyric, but

'Justice must not partial trophies raise,  
Nor sink the actress in the woman's praise.'

To deny that Miss Foote is 'more than language can express, or youthful poets fancy when they love,' would be as ridiculous as to affirm that her acting, or her conception of character, is as perfect as her person. The principal fault of this interesting actress is an intolerable ogle, and a perpetual languishing elevation of the eye. All this is extremely weak and frivolous, and is as much as saying, in other words, to the audience, 'I have undoubtedly fine eyes, and am certainly a most lovely creature.' Were it not for this affectation, we should

consider her performance of Virginia completely perfect; nothing can exceed her excellence when, reluctantly, and with all the bashfulness of a young and timid maiden, she confesses her love for Icilius; her scenes with her father are not less worthy of commendation. Her exquisite performance of this character has induced us to think that she would appear to great advantage in the love-inspiring Juliet. Tenderness in tragedy and sprightliness in comedy are this lady's peculiar forte; she has not strength enough either of voice, features, or person, to express vehement passions; it will, therefore, be evident, that she is excellently adapted for the pathos, the calm, the meek endurance of grief, which the Mantuan heroine, amid all her severe and innumerable trials, exhibits. She plays Cordelia tolerably, but Covent Garden is sadly in want of an actress even in its characters of youth and beauty. We will not be so ungallant as to omit her representation of the fair Isidora, the 'lovely Duchess of Miranda;' nor so unjust as to forget her Maria Darlington. In the former character, her first interview with Guido was replete with pathos and fervent feeling, and in the fifth act, she surpassed our most sanguine expectations; in the latter, she affects insanity, sings, and waltzes *à merveille*. In Imogen she looks well, particularly in her male attire, but her execution is by no means equal to her conception. In Mary, Queen of Scots, so far as personal beauty was concerned, she made the character far more interesting than Miss Macauley, but, in all other respects, she was sadly inferior. She plays Fanny, in the 'Clandestine Marriage,' prettily, though she is somewhat too rigid for sentimental comedy. But, in characters of archness, she is most happy. Among these, her Sophia, in the 'Rendezvous,' an apparently half-witted, but really sly girl, deserves favourable mention. She really surprized us by her performance of Bertha, in the 'Point of Honour;' in the prison scene she exhibited considerable feeling, and the hysterical laugh which followed the gradual recovery of her senses, was perfectly true to nature. We have heard that this lady either has, or shortly intends to retire from the stage; we trust that this is but an empty rumour, as, although she is far from being in the first class, she is certainly an improving performer, and her representations of some characters, though not chef d'œuvres, are chaste

and pathetic, and give strong indications of future talent.

#### No. XIV.—MRS. FAUCIT.

WE know of no actress who has made such rapid strides towards perfection, in the last two seasons, as Mrs. Faucit; it is true she is not always equally excellent in all her efforts, but in some characters so faithful is she to nature, so fanciful, so vigorous are her delineations, that she leaves most of her contemporaries at a distance. Pre-eminent among these stands her Elspeth, in the *Antiquary*. The author of 'Waverley' obviously finds an old woman indispensable, at least in his novels, and Elspeth is Meg Merrilies grown deaf, blind, and every thing but dumb. Mrs. Faucit plays it with singular impressiveness; indeed, we believe we may venture to affirm, without fear of contradiction, that we have no other performer on the stage who could have done it so much justice. She looks and dresses the character completely to the life, and, from being a fine comely woman of five and thirty, transforms her person, with the utmost fidelity, into an old, withered, decrepit, shrivelled hag of upwards of a century. We never recollect any performance of the kind so inimitably excellent.

That Mrs. Faucit possesses considerable talent, will be evident from her admirable performances both in young as well as old characters. In *Lady Racket*, she gives us a faithful portrait, fresh with life and reality, and this too without any exaggeration or heightened colouring, to produce effect. In *Ulrica* she exhibits, with great skill, that wild infuriate passion, so powerfully drawn by the highly talented author of *Ivanhoe*. But in all her studies, this lady should never attempt the tender, whining maiden—as *Virgilia*, or *Cora*, or even *Virginia*; her peculiar excellence consists in the boldness of her execution, and the vehemence of her action; it is, therefore, clear that she is completely misplaced in characters of tenderness or feminine weakness. We cannot say that we admire her Juliet or *Lady Macbeth*; but of this latter character we may say the same of all our actresses. She has a laborious part in *Adela*, in the 'Warlock of the Glen,' but she plays it with great spirit. The sight of females rending themselves to fragments, and out-screaming the ravens of the night, is not among our pleasures; but, in melodrama, such things must be done, and it is Mrs. Faucit's praise to say, that no



person can do them better. We could wish that all the commendations elicited by this lady's performances, were attended by favourable reminiscences of the pieces themselves. We recollect a melodrama, now justly consigned to the tomb of all the Capulets, entitled the 'Castle of Paluzzi,' in which Mrs. Faucit performed the heroine with unexampled excellence. In the last scene, when fluctuating between terror and the dread of breaking the oath that had been extorted from her, she displayed genius of the very first order; it was only lamentable that such acting should have been lavished on so miserable a drama. She performs Isabella, that female Iago, in *Mirandola*, with great excellence; her duplicity is finely carried on, and in the concluding scene, where, her guilty designs being divulged, she throws off the mask, and displays a mind of demoniacal deformity, her acting is so powerful, and her representation so perfect and forcible, that the audience really appear desirous of losing sight of so incarnate a fiend. She enacts *Julia*, in the 'Rivals,' with great judgment; *Ravina*, admirably; and does all that is possible for the exquisitely beautiful, though terribly undramatic character—the Lady, in *Comus*. This lady's greatest commendation is the zeal which she manifests in every part that is allotted her; she gives us the true spirit of her author; she is useful both to the manager and the audience, for if she undertakes a character not originally known, she gives us very many of its beauties; indeed, with constant application, we doubt not, in a very few years, to see her at the very summit of her profession. W. H. PARRY.

### Original Poetry.

#### TO HARRIET.

*On her asking the Author 'what made him so low-spirited?'*

COULD language paint the dire distress  
That in my bosom reigns,  
Or shew the anguish of a breast  
That's rent with torturing pains,  
I'd tell thee how, in evil hour,  
A violent storm came o'er,  
And struck to earth my favourite flower—  
It fell—to rise no more!

Fain would I tell thee, how this heart  
With grief is sore oppress'd—  
How hard a task it is to part  
With those we lov'd the best!  
Alas! she's gone, all words are vain,—  
They will not ease the smart;  
But her dear image will remain  
For ever in this heart!

J. W. JUN.

#### HOPE.

BRIGHT is yon sun that gilds the sky,  
But not as Hope so bright;  
The one but charms the wandering eye,  
The other lifts the soul on high,  
And feasts it with delight,  
Pure as the snow on Andes' height,  
And kindly as the breeze,  
That skims, in wanton pastime light,  
In summer o'er the seas;  
Yet still comparisons like these  
But poorly tell its bliss;  
For nought but Hope the wretch can please,  
Nought else can give his bosom ease,  
And point to happiness. J. D.

#### TO A YOUNG LADY,

*With a Bunch of Snow-Drops.*

THERE is in friendship's gift a charm,  
Though known but to a favoured few,  
That may the coldest bosom warm,  
A pledge of love for ever true;  
Such, my dear girl, accept from me,  
'Tis all I now dare offer thee.  
These scentless flowers, of tender form,  
I cull'd from 'neath yon pear-tree's bough,—  
Pale offspring of the wintry storm,  
Bedropt with ice and clothed in snow;  
Yet, oh! how sweet do they appear,  
First promise of the opening year.  
Like thee, in innocence arrayed,  
With modest beauty meek they shone;  
Be now their modest worth repaid,  
Nor blush, fair maid, the deed to own,  
That, when the storm o'er tower and tree  
Ranged wild, they were preserved by thee.  
Then take them to thy virgin breast,  
That breast that fears no rival foe;  
And, of thy fostering care possest,  
Let them in native beauty blow,  
While each shall to the other give  
A charm that bids both chaster live.

ALPHEUS.

#### THE SYCOPHANT.

MARK yonder fawning hound! in whose vile face  
Each dastard feeling of the soul we trace.  
With cringing look he stands beside the board,  
A servile flatterer to a courtly lord;  
Behold how low he bends his abject knees,  
Using each mean detested art to please:  
Is Claudio sick, or does he keep his bed—  
He too is languid, he too droops his head;  
When Claudio's ill, can Sylvio's heart be glad?  
Can he be happy when his lord is sad?  
No; 'tis not possible,—he feels it deep,  
His heart, he cries, impels his eyes to weep.  
Is Claudio lively, does he join the glee,—  
He smiles in concert, lively too is he.  
Does any of his slaves their lord offend—  
With Claudio's brows his own in anger bend.  
Does the day shine, or is its splendour dim,  
As 'tis with Claudio, so it is with him.  
If chance his lord some paltry letter write,—  
He, smiling cries, how well he can indite.  
If some mean verse he makes, that verse he'll  
praise,  
And strait declare him worthy of the bays.  
E'en should his lord for music have no ear,  
He'll say his voice is sweet, his judgment clear;  
Or if at eve he seeks the silent grove,  
Thither his servile steps are sure to rove.  
He'll bless the spot, and with a lofty tone,  
Swear it was made for Claudio alone;  
Each look, each action, does his eye imbibe,  
A sycophant the meanest of his tribe.

SAM SPRITSAIL.

#### AN OCCASIONAL ADDRESS,

*Intended to have been spoken at the Theatre Royal English Opera House, Feb. 26, 1821, previous to the play of 'The Foundling of the Forest.'*

'THE drama's laws the drama's patrons give,  
And they who live to please, must please to live.'  
Thus Johnson wrote: nor has the present age  
Revoked those rigid laws which rul'd his stage;  
Each author, still, who courts your smiles or  
tears,  
The pen severe of criticism fears:  
Each actor pleading here his humble cause,  
Sinks 'neath your frowns, or rises by applause.  
But we, to-night, present you nothing new:  
Our *Forest Foundling*, cheer'd by friends like  
you,  
Has oft his sea of difficulties past,  
And reached his loved, his destined home at  
last.  
Though he once more essay the path of pain,  
Give him your aid, and he'll succeed again.  
One word for him, who Florian's woes shall  
speak,  
And dry the tear which dews a mother's cheek.  
In his behalf assembled here we see,  
Of fair and dark, a goodly company:  
Your very presence shews a generous heart;  
Your plaudits constitute the other part.  
In former times, by tokens such as these,  
You've stilled his throbbing heart, and given  
it ease;  
For favours present, favours past, receive  
The warmest thanks a grateful soul can give:  
And with himself some others he'd include,  
Who thank you, though in silent gratitude.  
When retrospection shall recal to-night,  
May it produce no feeling but delight:  
So your support its own reward shall prove,  
And Florian still be debtor to your love.  
February, 1821. L.

### Fine Arts.

#### MR. HAYDON'S PICTURE

OF

#### CHRIST'S AGONY IN THE GARDEN.

MR. HAYDON is an artist of whose talents public opinion is becoming more unanimous than formerly; indeed, to deny talents—extraordinary talents, to an individual who could produce 'Christ's Entry into Jerusalem,' would argue want of taste and judgment, or would discover a very strong prejudice. The new picture of 'Christ's Agony' has, we understand, been designed and finished in the short period of twelve months; and, although the private view of it was too late in the week to allow a detailed criticism, yet we shall briefly notice it this week, and return to the subject when more at leisure. It appeared to us that the worst part of the painting is the principal figure; but the attributes of Deity, however glowing to the imagination, are beyond the reach of the pencil. Our Saviour is represented in the foreground, praying. The artist has aimed,



as he himself states, 'to give an air of submissive tenderness, while a quiver of agony still trembles on the features.' The union of passion and divinity is incongruous, and although we here behold beautiful features, unpassioned to a degree almost beyond nature, yet they are not absorbed in the emotion of a Deity. It has been observed, that Milton, sublime and grand as he is, has not succeeded in the speeches which he has given to God the Father, or to Christ, so well as in those which he has given to the fallen angels. The same remark applies to this picture, in which the betrayer, 'Judas,' and the 'rabble,' possessing the advantages of diversity of character, are superior to the principal figure; they are, indeed, admirable. Immediately behind our Saviour, the three apostles, St. John, St. James, and St. Peter, are sleeping on a sort of garden bank; and, in the back ground, appears Judas, whose wily treachery is stamped on his countenance, with a centurion soldier and a crowd. The apostles are executed in the happiest style, and their sleeping is admirably distinguished. The unsound dose is finely contrasted with the deep sleep of St. James; while St. Peter is represented in a disturbed slumber, keeping guard with his sword, and on the point of waking at the approach of light. As a whole, this picture is inferior to 'Christ's Entry into Jerusalem;' this is principally owing to the nature of the subject, but it is not so well finished; we may, however, pronounce it as displaying splendid talents, and which would of itself rank Mr. Haydon very high in the school of British artists. R.

### The Drama.

**DRURY LANE.**—Mr. Haines's new tragedy of *Conscience*, has been twice repeated since our last, and with increased effect. It is now announced for performance every evening not devoted to operas; so that, notwithstanding the culpable neglect of the manager, who hurried it on the stage with only three rehearsals, and did not expend a single shilling in either dresses or scenery, and, notwithstanding the very inefficient company this theatre possesses in this department of the drama, yet the tragedy will become popular from its own intrinsic merits. The plot teems with accumulating interest from the first scene to the falling of the curtain, and the play is rich, beyond comparison, in beautiful poetry. We could

select several passages which surpass any thing of the sort in modern times, but, as the tragedy will be published in a few days, we reserve our remarks for a notice of it in our review department. It is but justice to the performers to say, that the tragedy is, on the whole, much better acted than on the first night, and that the chilling neglect of the manager has had no influence on their exertions.

Bickerstaff's opera of *Love in a Village* was performed at this theatre on Thursday night, so strongly cast as to combine nearly all the operatic and comic talent of the house. This entertaining drama, which has always been a favourite on the stage, from its being first produced in 1762, is evidently borrowed from the *Village Opera*, written by Charles Johnson. The principal part of the plot and characters are taken from it, but given with much improvement. The poetry of many of the airs in the original, if not of a very high character, is at least appropriate; and the author discovers, in general, a happy facility in adapting his tunes to his ideas, a practice highly essential in dramatic composition; for, whatever tends to illustrate the action of the scene, or character of the illusory personage, should be considered with the utmost attention, and adopted as often as the laws of the drama will admit.

We have been speaking of Bickerstaff's opera, but it was Mr. Elliston's version of it that we witnessed; for so much strange music, by various composers, has been introduced, and so many of the original airs omitted, that little remains of *Love in a Village*, but the dialogue and the name. The great attraction of the evening was Miss Wilson, in the character of Rosetta, and the reputation which this young lady has acquired, filled every part of the house. She was throughout honoured with warm applause, particularly towards the close of the opera, and one of the prettiest exercises of the brilliancy of her talents was in her last bravura. In the duet with Braham, 'When thy bosom heaves the sigh,' and in another with Horn, 'Can I those beauties prize,' she was extremely happy; but, we confess, we were disappointed in the third duet which she sung with Horn, 'Together let us range the fields.' The acting of Miss Wilson was in general good, particularly in the last scene, where she comes forward as a person of family. She represents the English gentlewoman better than a *femme de chambre*. It

was a new and most welcome treat to hear Mr. Braham employ his science and his powerful voice in the truly English songs of Hawthorn. Never, perhaps, were these airs given with such effect, and nearly the whole of them were encored with an enthusiasm which bespoke the delight of the audience. Young Meadows was well sustained by Mr. Horn, who gave the songs with much sweetness. Miss Povey was justly encored in 'Cupid, god of soft persuasion.' Mr. Munden, in Justice Woodcock, excited the risible muscles of the audience, but he was rather too grotesque; and his song, 'When I courted a lass,' should certainly now be omitted, as too coarse for the refined manners of the present day. Knight's Hodge was in the true spirit of rural nature; nor must we forget that exquisite English ballad singer, Mrs. Bland, on whom age seems to have no effect, for her voice is as sweet as ever. She played Madge admirably. The other parts were well cast, and the opera was crowned with unanimous approbation.—In consequence of the indisposition of Madame Vestris, Miss Kelly undertook the character of Little Pickle, in *The Spoiled Child*; a better substitute could not have been provided. The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester were present, and were honoured with that enthusiastic welcome the Royal Family meet when they mix in the amusements of the public.

**COVENT GARDEN.**—That courtesy which used to exist between the two great theatres, of not adopting a new piece which had been first produced at the rival house, is now no longer adhered to. In consequence of which, the Parisian melo-drame, *L'Orpheline de Geneve*, which was brought out so successfully at Drury Lane, under the title of *Therese*, has been produced at this theatre under the name of *Henriette, or the Farm of Senanges*. The story being the same, it is unnecessary that we should detail it. A Mrs. Vining, from the Worthing boards, appeared, for the first time, as the heroine, *Henriette* (the *Therese* of Drury Lane), and was very favourably received. She has a tolerable stage figure, and displayed considerable force and skill, particularly in the last act. Messrs. Vandenhof, Abbot, Connor, Blanchard, with Mrs. Faucit and Mrs. Davenport, did ample justice to their respective parts, and the piece was received with applause, but has been withdrawn, after having been performed four times.



**ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—MR. MATHEWS AT HOME.**—We are glad to turn from the monotony of the great theatres, with their twenty times repeated operas and 'most successful melo-dramas ever produced,' to be AT HOME with Mr. Mathews, who received company, for the first time this season, on Thursday night. The entertainments were his *Mail Coach Adventures*, which he gave with so much success the first season. There was, therefore, nothing original—we beg pardon, there was Mr. Mathews, who is himself such an original, as to present a never-failing novelty in his own person, in the Protean shapes that he so successfully assumes. His songs and imitations, with the old Scotch lady's prosing story about 'Sandy Anderson and the Minister,' have evidently lost none of their interest, and were loudly applauded. Mr. Mathews has some novelties in reserve, which will shortly be produced.

**SURRY THEATRE.**—In addition to Kenilworth, which continues to be played nightly, a burletta, entitled *What's o'Clock, or the Midnight Hour*, has been brought out, and seems likely to keep pace with the former, being extremely successful. Miss Copeland and Fitzwilliam have prominent parts, which they play with much spirit; and the entire performance meets with general and well-merited approbation.

**OLYMPIC THEATRE.**—*Kenilworth* has been successfully produced at this Theatre; and Mrs. Chatterly, as the Countess of Leicester, and Mrs. Lazenby as Queen Elizabeth, play their respective characters very effectively. The piece differs materially in performance from that of the Surry Theatre; but though, as there, Varney falls into the tray laid for his mistress, the curtain drops more abruptly, and the close is less interesting.—A lively interlude, called the *Green Room*, deserves favourable mention, and *Thérèse* has been added to the list of popular pieces.—Mrs. Chatterly is the heroine and plays her part with great judgment and effect and Mr. Rowbotham's Carwin deserves more praise than any other character we have seen him assume.

**EAST LONDON THEATRE.**—*Thérèse*, has been played at this theatre every evening for a week past, and, from the very respectable manner in which it is got up, both as to the scenery and acting, must afford much entertainment to those who, from the great distance of the theatres royal, are not able to attend its representation there. We

have often spoken in terms of commendation of the *corps dramatique*, and they never deserved it better than on this occasion.—Mrs. Paine plays the unfortunate Mariette naturally and delightfully; Montague as Carwin, and Downe as the Pastor, deserve a favourable notice; and Herring, at all times amusing, excited much merriment in the character of the farmer.

### Literature and Science.

Mr. Bagster has just completed his beautiful edition of the Book of Common Prayer, in eight languages, and had the honour of presenting a copy to his Majesty, at the last levee, when it was graciously received. This volume is elegantly printed, and presents, at one view, the text in English, French, modern Greek, Italian, German, Spanish, Greek and Latin. The editors and translators are men of acknowledged talent, and the work is one that does much credit to the enterprising spirit of the publisher.

**Earthquake.**—Zante has been destroyed by an earthquake. The best intelligence respecting this melancholy event, is detailed in the following extract from a letter dated Corfu, Jan. 10th, 1821.—'I have only one piece of news to give you, which is a very sad one, and which, perhaps, you will have heard before this letter reaches you,—the destruction of Zante by an earthquake. On the twenty-ninth, at three in the morning, we had a very smart shock here, which, however, did no damage, and, as they are very frequent, little notice was taken of it; but the first boats from Zante brought up news, that, on the same morning, at about twenty minutes before four, they experienced a most violent shock, which overthrew a great many houses. The people all ran into the streets, and most into the church of St. Dionysius, the patron saint; but scarce had they been there a short time when another shock, much stronger than the first, came and finished what the other had left undone. Upwards of a thousand houses are much injured; five hundred, or more, so much so that they are obliged to pull them down; and numbers totally overthrown. Providentially very few lives were lost, only ten; but many people severely wounded and bruised. The escape of the officers of the 36th regiment was most miraculous. They had given a great party to the gentlemen of Zante, and broke up only ten minutes before the

earthquake; the house was thrown down to its very foundation. The house of Cavalier Bulga, the finest in the town, is also destroyed, together with a most valuable library.

'What rendered the state of these unfortunate people much more lamentable, was that, immediately after, a most violent hurricane arose, accompanied by a heavier shower of hail than ever before experienced. You must not accuse me of exaggeration, for I copy our official dispatches, when I tell you that the hailstones were an inch and a half in diameter, and weighed nearly three ounces. This shower lasted some time, and then changed to violent torrents of rain: two people were drowned in the streets; and to complete all, the sea rose and carried away two more houses. The house of Sir Patrick Ross, the governor, is half down. Lord Strangford (the English ambassador) and his lady, notwithstanding the hurricane, were obliged to go on board the Cambrian frigate, which, when the dispatches came away, was not expected to ride out the gale.

'Only conceive the misery of these poor people, who, afraid to return into their houses, and many without any to return to, were exposed three days and nights in the open air, to such dreadful weather. What further damage may have been done is not known, or whether they have had any more shocks, as it has blown so tremendously this last fortnight, that no boats have been able to put to sea. Great fears are entertained that they have had another, as we last week felt two very smart shocks here, one at half-past seven in the evening, and another at one in the morning. This earthquake has been felt in all the islands, and at Malta, and we are afraid Sicily has suffered. This is the second town which has been destroyed in two years. Zante was the largest and best built town of all the islands, and would have been reckoned a fine town on the continent. As to Santa Maura, it is a most wretched place. The earthquakes there lasted two months, and during that time, there were felt eight hundred and thirty shocks, great and small. Every house in the town and castle is cracked in all directions, and more than half thrown down, the barracks destroyed, and the bridge broken in many places. One shock in particular, was very remarkable, for the earth trembled or shivered continually, from half-past five in the afternoon till twelve at night.

'Jan 14.—The courier is on the



point of sailing; I therefore can only say a very few words. The earthquake at Zante has been still more calamitous than was supposed; four hundred and sixty-three houses have been totally destroyed, and five hundred more so much injured, that it will be necessary to pull them down,—besides whole villages in the country totally destroyed.'—*Phil. Mag.*

**German Sausages.**—Dr. J. Kerner has discovered that smoked sausages, a favourite food of the inhabitants of Wirtemberg, contain often a deadly poison. The effects of the poison are ordinarily manifested in spring time or the month of April, in a manner more or less alarming. In a periodical paper which appears at Tübingen, Mr. Kerner has published a number of observations on the subject, and he has now in the press, a work in which he treats of it more in detail. He states that, out of seventy-six persons who fell sick from having eaten sausages, thirty-seven died in a short time; while others remained valetudinarians for years. Liver sausages appear to be the most dangerous. 'In general,' says M. Kenner, 'the poison is formed in raw, hashed, and seasoned flesh, after being stuffed in gut and smoked. This animal poison is distinguished from all others by this circumstance—that it does not attack the brain and spinal marrow, while it paralyses the whole lymphatic system. Sometimes the patient for many months together ceases to feel his heart beat, whilst the pulsation of the arteries remains invariable.' All the observations of M. Kerner are supported by cases which have come within his own experience.

### The Bee.

*Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia limant,  
Omnia nos itidem depascimur aurea dicta.*

LUCRETIVS.

A gentleman, who, while his wife was alive, passed every evening for thirty years with another lady, was advised to marry her when his helpmate died. 'Why, no,' said he, 'if I did, I should not know where to go and pass my evenings.'

**Introduction of Forks at Table.**—Mr. Cole, the antiquary, in a letter to Dr. Percy, says,—'I have in my custody a very curious old knife and fork, if it may be so called, having only one point, about four or five inches long, and from the shaft made like a bodkin; they are fellows of the same fashion, being, as to the handles or hafts, both of

ebony, neatly inlaid with ivory, and are, I make no doubt, at least three hundred years old. They were found at Stamford, some years ago, together with a neat stiletto or dagger.'—*Cole's MSS. vol. 24, p. 42.*

There is a monument at Berne, erected to the memory of a most beautiful woman, who died in childbed. The lady is represented at the moment of resurrection; a kind of grove is sunk, sufficient to contain a statue: in it is placed a large stone, unequally split or broken, and so contrived, that the young wife appears rising from her coffin, just awoke from the sleep of death, holding her child in one hand, and pushing away the stone with the other. The dignity of the figure, her innocence, and the pure celestial joy which shines in her countenance, combines, to give the whole a most pleasing and sublime expression. The epitaph is worthy of the tomb; the lady is supposed to speak—'I hear the trumpet, it penetrates to the depth of the tombs! Awake, child of anguish! the Saviour of the world calls us!—the empire of death is ended, and an immortal palm will crown innocence and virtue. Behold me, Lord, with the infant thou gavest me!'

The following advertisement is copied, *verbatim et literatim et punctatim*, from the 'Indiana Centinel,' printed at Vincennes, in the United States. We republish it for the amusement of our readers:—

'Friends and citizens,—Having served my country with patriotic valor and feeling, yet actuated with the warmest wishes for the prosperity and happiness of my fellow-citizens, I feel it my duty to offer to them my services in the civil department.

'I have fought for liberty and my country; I have arrested the tomahawk when raised against the innocent; and, therefore, since it is no longer in my power to direct our soldiers to the fight, accept my friends of the humble offer of my talents for the office of assistant judge.

'Who is deserving of the civil office, if the soldier bred to the art of war, and accomplished in every thing interesting to society, is not: who has toiled, with hunger, with cold and danger, to protect the rights of the people?'

'JOHN M'BANE.

Vincennes, June 6, 1818.

'N. B.—If any of my fellow citizens should doubt my talents, I will make a speech at the court-house on the day of the election.'

Early in the ensuing week, will be published, **The LILIAN BRIDE**, and other Poems. By BARTON WILFORD. Sherwood, Neely, and Jones.

### NEW NOVEL.

This day is published, dedicated (by permission) to Mrs. Joanna Baillie, price 21s. boards, **FAVOURITE OF NATURE.** A Novel. In Three Volumes 12mo.

Printed for G. and W. B. Whittaker, Ave. Maria Lane.

Also, just published,

**SUCH IS THE WORLD.** A Novel. In Three Vols. 12mo. price 21s. boards.

**MEMOIR of Mrs. DYOTT**, written by herself, with a striking likeness of the Author; accounting for her separation from General Dyott, with various letters of the General and other personages, with this motto:

'Patience is the surest remedy against calumnies:

Time, soon or late, discovers the truth.'

This work is replete with portraits of attorneys; among others, James Hartley, of New Bridge Street, and Thomas M'Kiernon, of the house of Slade, Bedford, and Slade, Doctors' Commons. A word is said of Randle Jackson, Esq., Barrister at Law; with remarks on the testimony of Robert Thompson, Esq., of South Audley Street; Colonels Dale and Disbrowe, &c.

Printed for W. Wright, 46, Fleet Street, in royal 8vo. price 2s.

### TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

'THE FAMILY TRUNK,' No IV., 'POETICAL PORTRAITS,' No. III., Anecdotes of the Highlanders, and Lines by Mr. Ball, in our next.

W. and Wilford are received.

L. will find a letter with our publisher.

D.'s letter on 'Paintings in Churches,' is completely anticipated by the one already inserted from Mr. Price. It will be left at our office for him, as he requests.

We have received a letter from the Rev. T. Smith, in which he distinctly denies having sent the review of Walkingame's Arithmetic, inserted in a preceding number, or of having given any instructions whatever for a copy of the work being sent to us. He adds, that he learnt that one of his well-wishers, desirous of serving him, had, without apprising him of his intention, sent the book and review in question. We should have inserted Mr. Smith's letter, but for the same reason that we refused one which questions the originality of his additions to the arithmetic, viz. that we wish to drop the subject.

Erratum, p. 120, col. 2, l. 11, for 'Henry' read 'Ernest.'

\* \* \* The full price will be given by our Publisher, for saleable copies of No. 87 of the Country Literary Chronicle. Both Editions of The Literary Chronicle becoming very scarce, regular Subscribers are advised to complete their sets without delay.

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